"Poor Papa"

IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBILITIES

"Elton Jones"

"I'm a man of few words."
That's a lot of "Applesauce"

"Beloved Jack"

I cannot sing the old songs,
For no matter how I shout
"Valencia" on the phonograph
Is sure to drown me out.

"Bert Turner"

"Clif"

"The Meiser"

"Sup, Sup, He all love Sup"

"WHAT ABOUT IT, MEN?"

"Jack Meisr"

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Impossible Possibilities
Katherine Fay Hunt's Black Photo Album

Reflections
Jeffrey Hunt
April 9 2026

Page 30 of Katherine Fay Ports' album is the natural companion to the preceding "Camas Beauties" page. Where that earlier page features three young women from Katherine's Camas High School circle, this one turns to the boys, offering a much broader field of "eligible bachelors," arranged with equal care and considerably more mischief.

What makes it especially amusing is that these are still high school kids — almost certainly Camas High School students. Most were probably 18 or 19, but you can already see the world they were stepping into: finish school, find your place, get married, and start a family almost immediately. That expectation was waiting just offstage, and this page feels part matchmaking game, part social document.

Especially charming is the heading: "Impossible Possibilities." That says everything. Here they all are — candidates lined up, nicknames attached, and captions that must have made perfect sense at the time. Jack seems to get special attention, with three separate photos, and there are little hints of preference and personality scattered all over the page.

Part of the fascination is trying to place these photographs. Almost all of them look as if they were taken around Camas, very likely up on the hill near the Ports home and Crown Park. The lower right image does show Crown Park in the background. Then there is the group shot at the bottom center, which feels different altogether — more like an outing or camp. Possibly Bunker Hill, just north of the Wind River Arboretum in Gifford Pinchot National Forest. The angle of that hill is suggestive. There may be more clues on later pages.

Looking at these well-dressed young men, you cannot help noticing who seems comfortable in what he is wearing and who does not. Some of them look promising enough, but a few tailoring decisions raise questions. Jack seems to be in the running — but those pants need help, and at minimum a good pressing. Later in the album, when my grandfather Maynard Hunt finally appears in a double-breasted jacket, he seems noticeably better dressed than the competition. He knew how to wear clothes. It looks natural on him. That becomes its own quiet subplot.

Once Maynard enters the story, most of these other young men begin to drop from the pages — and quickly. The field narrows. The answer becomes obvious.